

the gospel he was bringing to the people, with its practical help both for body and soul, he would often have yielded to utter disheartenment. On this day especially, his hopefulness of feeling was considerably below zero, as he threaded his way thru a human rabbit warren—one of those many-storied, densely-crowded tenements, every room of which contained some specimen of "life's ironies," aye, and tragedies too!

Passing the open door of a small room on the upper flat of the building, his attention was arrested by the scene within. The room was bare of furniture, but—for the locality—singularly clean and orderly. The tiny handful of fire was burning in a well brushed grate over a spotlessly white hearth; the little window panes were so carefully polished that no single sunbeam was denied admittance; and a row of plants on the window-sill gave a touch of unwonted color and freshness to the place. A small table in the centre of the room was arranged as if for a midday meal. The only food was a loaf of bread, but around the table were seated, in quiet decorum, a mother, and three children of ages varying apparently from seven to twelve years.

The visitor paused a moment, himself unseen, feasting his eye on so unusual a picture of refinement amidst surroundings so sordid. As he did so the members of that little group, at a signal from the mother, bowed their heads, and, with reverent voices, repeated in unison the late Prince Consort's translation of a German hymn:

"God bless our going out, nor less
Our coming in, and make them sure;
God bless our daily bread, and bless
Whate'er we do, whate'er endure;
In death unto His peace awake us.
And heirs of his salvation make us"—Amen.

That evening at a committee supper in the conference room of the City Mission, he was called upon to "ask a blessing," and with the scene he had witnessed at noon that day fresh in his thoughts, he repeated the same grace. He afterwards told the incident to the assembled guests, who, accustomed as they were to his "annals of the poor," listened to this one with quite unusual interest.

As he finished, a gentleman, who was on a visit to the city, and had been brought in that evening—apparently by the merest chance—by a business acquaintance, started to his feet in evident agitation. Coming up to the missionary he made many inquiries about the family, their number, appearance, etc., and asked if the room they lived in was far away. The missionary told him that it was only a few minutes' walk to the place, and proposed, if he were benevolently interested in the case, to take him there after supper.

"It is not mere benevolence, but a far stronger feeling," said the stranger; "and I am sure these gentlemen will allow me to explain. Many years ago, in a country home in Scotland, my sister and I— orphan children—were carefully brought up by our good old grandmother, who trained us in the fear

of God, and taught us to make use every day of the grace you have just repeated. My sister married when very young, and went to a distant home; our grandmother died soon afterwards, and I came to America, and entirely lost sight of my only remaining relative. But that 'grace' is daily repeated in my house in the far West, rendered doubly sacred by its associations with my childhood, and with the noble prince whom we honor and love so much. I have a strong conviction that if my sister is living, the same grace will be used by her and her family. God knows how I have longed and prayed to meet her again. May not this be a clue in his marvelous providence to guide me to her?"

And so it proved. An hour later there was a wonderful transformation scene in the little attic in "Horrock's Rents." When the missionary's knock summoned the poor widow to the door, there was an instant recognition of her long-lost brother; and when the first burst of joyous excitement was over, prompt use of his well filled purse to bring into the room light and fire and food, so that the children, awakened from sleep and looking around them with bewildered vision, could only suppose that they were dreaming a beautiful dream.

It was a pitiful story to which the brother listened, of early widowhood in a strange country, and then slow descent from a comfortable home to poverty and unavailing struggle and at last destitution. "We had come to our last loaf to day," the widow said, her voice well nigh stifled by tears. "I did not know where I could possibly get money to buy another, and my faith in God was so sorely shaken that it seemed almost a mockery to say our grace; but when I remembered those words 'whate'er endure, I felt that we did need God's blessing there, and so we asked it of him to day with all our hearts. But how little I thought he was going to answer like this!"

The good missionary closed the door on that bit of heaven's own sunshine and came away, thinking as he did so that to be the ministering spirit in such a deliverance counterbalanced many days of dark, weary, and apparently unproductive labor. He had not many opportunities of carrying out his purpose of becoming better acquainted with the widow and her family, for when her brother left New York he carried them all away with him in triumph, and their scant goods and chattels were handed over to their good friend to help some of his very poorest cases. But in another bright Christian home in one of the Western States the prince's "grace" is daily said, and, as the cup that was filled with bitterness now runs over with plenty, there ascend daily ascriptions of praise to Him who has once proved himself to be "a father of the fatherless and a judge of the widows."—M. C. F.

Matrimonial

WILSON—GARBERICK—Mr. Frank Wilson and Miss Annetta Garberick were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents on East Middleburg St., on Jan. 22, at 8 P. M. Only immediate relatives were present. Ceremony by

L. O. HUBBARD.

Elkhart, Ind.

BLANCHORD—KLINGAMAN—At the home of the bride's parents in Waterloo, Iowa. Mr. F. C. Blanchord of Nashua, Iowa, and sister Queen Klingaman were joined in marriage Jan. 31, 1900, at 5:30 P. M. Mr. Blanchord is a dentist in Nashua, Iowa. Sister Klingaman has been teaching in the Waterloo schools for the past year. Our best wishes go with them.

J. L. GILLIN.

BRAYTON—WHIPKEY.—On Sunday evening, Feb. 11, at the home of the parents of the bride near Enon church. Mr. Nelson Brayton of Waterloo, Ia., and Miss Ida Whipkey were united in marriage by the writer.

J. L. GILLIN.

Our Dead

RODGERS.—George Earnest, son of John A. and Mary Rodgers died Jan. 31, 1900, aged 2 years and 2 months. Services at the home, conducted by the writer. Interment in Grand View cemetery.

E. E. HASKINS.

MILLER.—Olive Iola, daughter of brother E. K. and sister Mahala Miller, of Johnstown, Pa., died at their home on Grant St., Dec. 31, 1899, aged 10 months. Services were conducted by the writer at their home and in the presence of a large number of sympathizing friends, and interment was made at the Berkley cemetery.

E. E. HASKINS.

SNODDY.—Burton W. Snoddy was born April 2, 1875, and died Feb. 6, 1900, aged 24 years, 10 months and 4 days. Funeral sermon by the writer at Fair Haven church where he was baptized and taken into church fellowship about eight years. Brother Burton was well respected by all who knew him. Peace be to his ashes. The bereaved family have the sympathy of all. The above named young man was taken out of the world without any warning. He was working for the Telephone Co., at Youngstown, Ohio where he fell from the top of a pole to the pavement. He never again recovered consciousness and died in seven hours after.

WM. KIEFER.

Pleasant Home, O.

GASAWAY—Rebecca E., daughter of John and Mary C. Gasaway was born August 1, 1872, was united in marriage to John H. York, April 12, 1891. To this union were born 3 children, 1 son and 2 daughters. The eldest daughter preceded her mother in death leaving a husband, 1 son and 1 daughter, father, mother, 2 brothers and 2 sisters, together with a large circle of friends to mourn their loss. Died at her home near Loree, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900, of that dread disease consumption, aged 27 years, 5 months and 9 days. She united with the M. E. church in 1899. She was afflicted for about 5 years, and as she drew near the end, often expressed a desire to go. The friends have our sympathy in their sad bereavement.

D. A. HOPKINS.

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